



# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, February 11, 1876.

**A TERRIBLE CALAMITY.**—At Robinson's Opera House, Cincinnati, last Saturday evening there were 5,000 persons present. When a red calcined light was made to display a scene, some one, who perhaps thought the house was afire, cried out "Fire!" At once men, women, and children ran pell-mell to the doorways, and such was the panic and excitement that they tumbled over and down upon each other until the mass was several deep with dead, dying, and wounded, of all ages and sexes. Quiet was restored finally, but not until a considerable number had been killed and wounded. Had they walked out as usual, all of the audience could have got out safely in two or three minutes, even though the house had been on fire. But people lose all presence of mind under such excitement, and become as unmanageable as so many stampeded horses or cattle. Presence of mind under circumstances like this, seems to be impossible. The strongest part of the terrible horror was, that those in the front of the crowd, near the stage, did not know at the panic going on at the doors, and many people went home in blissful ignorance of the dreadful scene which had taken place at the theater. One woman displayed great presence of mind, which proves an exception to the almost universal rule. She and her five children were in a box, and the children wanted to run out, which would have proved to be the road to death, but she gathered them about her and held them until the excitement was over. Had others acted with a like good sense this fearful tragedy would not have been enacted.

**CONVICT LABOR.**—What to do with them, that is, with the convict labor of our State, is a question now agitating the minds of our Representatives at Frankfort. There are nearly 1000 of them, of both sexes, confined in the Penitentiary, and several hundred of them are without cells in which to sleep. The condition of the inmates must be very bad, indeed. Frequently it becomes necessary to crowd two of them in one narrow cell, and this is bad and inhuman. We should either enlarge our State Prison, build a branch, or put out a great many to labor on private or public works. The latter is the better plan. Other States, Tennessee, for instance, have done the same thing, and the plan has been shown to be a good and safe one. If this should be done, the health of the convicts who labor, as well as those who remain, would be the better secured, and there would be greater revenue coming into the State treasury. The question of what to do with them, is one of paramount consideration, and it should receive the most thoughtful action.

Some celebrated man once said, that he knew no such word as fail. The human mind seems capable of grasping anything. Wonders have been performed in engineering. Mountains have been tunneled, rivers spanned, oceans made the bed of the electric wires which bear the intelligence of the different parts of the old, to the remote portions of the new world. And now, as if to put the capstone on the monument of wonders, the English people have conceived, and will, with their skill and capital, carry out the idea of making a tunnel under the English Channel, from Dover, in England, to Calais, in France. We naturally shrink from the contemplation of a work so stupendous, both as a matter of skill and labor, and as a financial undertaking. But the work will be done. Time and genius, and money, are equal to the final accomplishment of that, or any other work which men in this day and age, dare undertake. If they can't go over an obstruction, they will go around or under it.

Those who live so far away from India, and are not acquainted with the country, have but little idea of the improvements which have been made there by the English Government. It is a beautiful and productive country, and thousands of miles of splendid rail and other road ways, have been made. Their grand turnpike is several hundred miles long, over which, every ten or a dozen miles, miles a watchman, continually, in order to see that no obstruction exists, and every loose rock is removed, and every hole instantly filled, so that the road is kept as smooth as a floor. It runs through a velvet lawn of grass on each side. Over such a highway, who would not like to drive, and gladly pay the toll?

A KENTUCKY Baptist minister asserts, in a lecture which he has been delivering, that we can make it rain whenever and wherever we wish. The use of powder, in large quantities, by firing cannon, will produce the desired result, he states. His theory is new and not fully established, and it may prove to be uncertain, as the predictions of Prof. Tice. We are of the opinion that the falling of rain is governed by nature, and not by artificial regulations, and that all the powder now on the market could not produce a rain. How was it during the late war? Did the explosion of a thousand rounds bring on a rain?

**LATEST NEWS.**—Roscoe Conkling, of New York, will be urged for the Presidency by the White House forces at the Republican Convention.... Senator McCrory, of Kentucky, made a strong speech against the Centennial appropriation bill.... After all, it is thought, that the negro, Pinckney, will be refused admission to the Senate.... It is said that the testimony of Gen. Grant, will be taken before Chief Justice Waite, tomorrow, to be used in the trial of Babcock.... The resolution calling on the Controller of the currency, for the names of members of Congress who are officers and stockholders in National Banks, has created a fluttering, and some members have complained, and say there should be no reply made to it.

The Legislature has before it a bill to give about thirty counties special privilege—that is to give Justice and Police Courts concurrent jurisdiction with the Circuit and Quarterly courts to the amount of \$100. Lincoln is one of the exempted counties. Another bill gives jurors in Justice, Quarterly and City courts 50 cents in each case wherein they serve. The bill does not apply to this county. We don't see the justice or equality of the two laws above referred to. Why Jurors in the exempted counties are not entitled to receive pay, is not readily understood, nor can we see exactly why an exemption is had in either case. The laws, if enacted, should be general, and not special, unless we except Louisville alone.

The Lower House of Congress has passed a bill repealing the Bankrupt Law, to take effect January 1st, 1877. It does not, of course, affect pending cases, nor, from the wording of the last clause, does it prevent others from seeking the benefits of the law until after the first of next January. It will now go to the Senate for action, and as it passed the House by a large majority, 170 to repeat, to 58 against—it is thought that the Senate will concur. At least it is hoped by all honest men that the repeal will be made. We notice that all of the Kentucky delegation voted for repeal, but many prominent Southern Democrats voted against a repeal.

It is said by those who kept an account of the state of the weather for fifty years past, that the winter of 1830-31, was very much like the present winter. Flowers bloomed in January—strawberries, the second crop, were ripe in October, and the buds upon the elms, were swelled out in February, and of course were killed. It is also said, that one hundred and thirty years ago, there was scarcely any frost until the middle of January. Nature takes strange freaks, and has ever done so, but we hope she will in the future, as in the past, make those freaks few and far between.

**TUTT.** Feeble Minded Institute at Frankfort is a great and worthy charity. We were much pleased with a speech of our Supt of Public Instruction, Rev. Mr. Henderson, which was published in the *Concourse-Journal* of Tuesday last, and which gave a brief, but satisfactory account of the good results flowing from that source. By the efforts of those connected with that charitable Institution, many feeble minds and bodies have been made strong, and light has been turned in upon darkened understandings. A more worthy charity does not deserve the fostering care of our State.

The total value of pleasure carriages in Morgan county, in this State, is \$20. In Breathitt county, \$40; in Letcher county, \$50; in Wayne county, \$10. In one of the counties there is not a single vehicle on wheels. In several of the counties there is not a single pleasure carriage—these are Lowell, Magoffin, Harlan and Martin. In Lincoln county the value of these is \$30,000, being greater than in either Boyle, Garrard or Mercer counties. The many tales of excellent pikes in Lincoln are the cause of the large number of pleasure vehicles.

SEVERAL of the prominent lawyers who figured extensively in the Beech-Tilton suit, are now engaged in defense of Babcock at St. Louis. The most notable of them is Judge Porter. If there is a way out of the wilderness for "Bab," alias "Slyph," he is sure to be led into it by the seven lawyers whom he has employed, but then it Babcock can be credited it will break him up financially, as large fees are charged by each one of them. He will find out that the "way of the transgressor is hard," and that "honesty is the best policy."

AGAIN the report comes that President Grant says he has never told any one that he would not accept re-nomination. We believe that Grant would not only accept the same, but any number of renominations. His ambition is so great, that it would lead him to accept the crown of royalty itself, if it was tendered to him. We shall never believe that he don't want a third term until it is offered to him, and refused.

Mr. BOURGEOIS BONNER has a great passion for trotting animals. Although he has purchased over a quarter of a million dollars worth of stock of that kind, he seems to be ready, willing, and able to buy more. Every fine trotter he hears of, receives his earnest attention, and if the animal suits him, nosey is no object. He is sure to buy it, even though the price ranges up into the ten thousands.

The Alabama Legislature has legalized the publication of legal notices in Sunday papers.

**THE CARLIST AND ROYAL** troops of Spain, engaged in a very severe battle last Tuesday, and it is said that the latter were triumphant, and thus placed the victory on the side of Alfonso. It seems that the utter annihilation of the rebel Carlist force is required, to put a stop to this long and inglorious struggle. Don Carlos has bravery enough to win a crown from the head of his youthful kinsman, but men and money are requisite aids, which he has not.

The three Lunatic Asylums in this State, are already full, and we will have, either to erect a fourth one, or let our unfortunate insane, go unprovided for. The costly edifices which we have heretofore erected as asylums, were an unnecessary expense—cheaper buildings, on ground of fair less value, would have answered all essential purposes. Let us have more, but less costly buildings and grounds.

It is said that an American physician of culture and ability, who can speak the Spanish language well, can occupy a position of eminence in any Mexican city, almost immediately on his arrival and location there. Not, however, until after he has submitted to trial, and passed a thorough examination by a board of medical men. It is also said, that Mexico is a fine field for such physicians.

We have received from the Auditor, Col. D. Howard Smith, a copy of his most voluminous report for the past two years. The book has over 700 pages. From it we learn that there were in Lincoln county in 1875, 600 black males over 21 years of age, being an increase of only nine since 1874. White males over 21 years of age, 2,572, being an increase of 189 since 1874.

The author of Collins' History of Kentucky, is making an appeal to the Legislature of our State, to pay him large damages on account of a failure to purchase and pay for the copies of his History which a former Legislature ordered for the use of our public schools. As the Court of Appeals has decided the Act unconstitutional, we presume that Mr. Collins will not receive the relief asked for.

If District Attorney Dyer should prove to be true against Babcock that which he said was a fact, in his opening speech, then there is no chance to acquit the President's pet Secretary. He said that Babcock did receive money from Joyce, knowing it to have been obtained through the crooked whisky channel.

The Directors of the Louisville Baptist Orphan Home, have had a claim for damages before Congress for some years, and it has been allowed in full, but we have not learned the sum claimed. It arose out of destruction to their property, or the use of the same during the war, by the military authorities.

We all know, from reading the Old Testament, that there was a Moses—a wise and pious man, who knew all about the Divine laws. But who of us know any thing of the four or five people of that name who live in South Carolina, and who seek positions as judges of important Courts of law.

**TICKET AGENTS.**—Ticket Agents of the various railroads, and other modes of travel, were in Louisville the other day, preparing to cut down fares on their lines during the Centennial season. If the fares should be reduced, thousands of persons will go to the great show, who would, otherwise, remain at home.

QUEEN VICTORIA made her usual speech to Parliament, on the occasion of the opening thereof, the other day, of course. De La Poer, wrote it out for her, as Prime Minister generally does. Gladstone, her former head, is a much man than the present Minister.

Congress very properly restored the old rates of postage on third-class mail matter, and transient newspapers can be sent for one cent instead of two cents, and merchandise much cheaper than the Express Companies charge. It is a solid blow at these soulless corporations.

Mr. Wm. P. Ross, who has been appointed Indian Agent for the Indiana Territory, will not find the position to which he has been appointed, a pleasant place to live in, or reside over. The Indians themselves, and others, object to his confirmation.

ONE member of the Kentucky House of Representatives has an annual income of nearly \$70,000. This man is John W. Kearny, and represents a Louisville district. He gives splendid entertainments, and is said to be a large-hearted, small man.

Gov. McCrory gives one entertainment, or levee, every week, to which are invited hundreds of guests. His tables are said to be covered with delicious good things. The Governor being a man of wealth, can afford to give such elegant suppers.

M. D. CONWAY is delivering a lecture on the "Devil." As he is a Cincinnati editor, it is presumed that he understands his subject thoroughly.

Some of the papers say that Grant will drive Histrov out of the Cabinet on some side issue. There is no danger or probability of such a thing.

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It has been said that the President would make an issue with Bristow in the prosecution of Babcock, but it is now manifest that he dares not do it. If Babcock is guilty, the President will not gainsay it.

**TUTT.** There was a fire in the city of New York, last Tuesday, which destroyed thirty houses, and other property, to the amount of four and a half million dollars.

**DR. COXWELL.** A prominent member of the press at Cincinnati, is delivering his lectures in the various cities of the West and South, to good audiences.

The Legislature passed thirty bills at one of its night sessions recently. Better keep up those night meetings, if they will work in that way.

ONLY twenty days remain for the Legislature to stay at Frankfort, unless they should extend the time, in that that is sure to be done.

The long looked for trial of General Babcock, has begun in St. Louis. It will, it is thought, occupy the time of the Court, a week or two.

There is a deficit of nearly thirty-four thousand dollars in the white school fund of this State, as shown by the Auditor's report.

A FARMER named Evans, residing in Jessamine county, was shot, and perhaps, fatally wounded by barghers, last Tuesday night.

A GREAT many towns and precincts, all over the State, are asking the Legislature to pass a law excluding liquor from their bounds.

**A SMALL POX REMEDY.**

A correspondent of the Stockton (Cal.) Herald writes as follows:

"I, herewith append a recipe which has been used to my knowledge in hundreds of cases. It will prevent or cure the Small Pox, though the pitting is filling. When Jenner discovered cow-pox in England, the world of science hurled an avalanche of fame upon his head; but when the most celebrated school of medicine in the world, that of Paris—published this recipe as a panacea for Small Pox, it passed unheeded. It is as unsatisfying as fat, and conquers in every instance. It is harmless when taken by a well person. It will also cure scarlet fever. Here is the recipe as I have used it, and cured my children of scarlet fever; here it is. I have used it to cure the Small Pox, when learned physicians said the patient must die if a red salpophate of zinc, one grain; fox glove (digitalis) one grain; half a teaspoonful of sugar; mix with two tablespoonsfuls of water. When thoroughly mixed add four ounces of ether. Take a spoonful every hour. Either disease will disappear in twelve hours. For a child smaller doses, according to age. If counties would compel their physicians to use this, there would be no need of pest-houses. If you value advice, and experience, use this for that terrible disease."

**[NOTE TO THE EDITOR.]**—If any man evidence that the above is needed I would say that I have a friend who knows of the above recipe being used in a number of cases in Cincinnati and vicinity—one case, a very bad one—it was supposed the patient would die. The result was exactly as stated.—J. D. L., Covington, Ky.]

**ON MONDAY, FEB. 14, 1876,** a sale of 110 lots below the Court House in Stanford, Ky., will be offered, for sale at public outcry, to the highest bidder, the Bonds of the State of Kentucky, amounting to \$16,000,000, in Bonds of one thousand dollars each. Said Bonds will bear interest annually on the first day of January, in each year until paid, and will mature in eight years. Bonds of any amount will be sold in separate lots or in gross, as will suit the convenience of purchasers and best serve the interest of the public.

**S. H. T.**

The Committee, in which was referred the Revision of the Codes of practice, has completed its labor, and will probably report the result by the latter part of the present week. It is thought that the revision will be adopted without amendment. I learn that it gives general satisfaction to the lawyers, who are more directly interested in it than any other class of citizens, and who are, of course, better judges of its merits.

There is a general desire on the part of the members to adjourn at the end of this month. If it is done, however, it will necessarily be at the expense of much important Legislation, and in deference to an unwise newspaper clamor.

As in the personnel of this, the Lower House, it differs but little, I presume, from that of previous Legislatures. A large majority of the members are farmers—plain, practical, sensible, and somewhat unpolished.

A few lawyers and doctors leave the mass and give form and shape to our somewhat chaotic, but wholly honest and patriotic, views of the public needs. The member from Louisville, Mr. Kearny, may be regarded as one of the leaders in the House. He is a man of great culture, a deliberate and sound thinker, and a good speaker. Possessed of great wealth, great energy, and laudable ambition, I prophecy that he will yet be heard from on a more enlarged theatre than the State Legislature.

James, from Louisville; McKinney, from Trigg; Bowles, from Pike; Virgil, Little, Heaton, from Shelby; Magoffin, from Harlan, and Hulsey, from McCreary, are the recognized leaders of the Dominant party in the House. They are all men of ability and high character, and naturally wield a great influence here.

The member from Wayne, Capt. Stephenson, has also won golden opinions from all sorts of people. Unshod always to a minute, steady as a clock, industrious as a bee-keeper, of excellent judgment, and of high principle, he makes one of our best members, and Wayne will do well to keep him here as long as he will consent to come.

Speaker Stone discharges the delicate and difficult duties of his position gracefully and well. He is, of course, lacking in experience and perhaps, in that readiness which experience only can give. But he is universally recognized as a perfectly fair-minded, courteous, and conscientious presiding officer.

The labor of Legislating, while interesting and instructive as well, is not such fun as some people imagine it to be.

**S. H. T.**

**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**

**SALE OF LINCOLN COUNTY BONDS!**

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**J. A. LYTTLE, County Judge.**

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**J. M. HIGGINS.**

**AUCTIONEER & REAL ESTATE AGT.**

Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

Will attend all public sales, and charge reasonable fees.

**COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF LAND.**

**FALL AND WINTER GOODS AT TEVIS' CASH CLOTHING HOUSE**

**IN ENDLESS VARIETY AND CHEAPER THAN EVER.**

**READY-MADE CLOTHING.**

**GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,**

**HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.,**

**Melton, Scotch, Beaver, Cloth and Jeans Suits,**

**Melton, Beaver, Seal-Skin and Chinchilla Overcoats,**

**Hosiery, Suspenders, Gloves, Underwear, Scarfs, &c.**

**DRUG STORE**

**JUST OPENED,**

**BY**

# The Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, February 11, 1876.

## LOCAL NOTICES.

APPLE VINTAGE by Anderson & McRoberts.

CHEMIST AND BEST GROCERIES at S. H. Matheny's.

CIGARS AND TABACCO—call at Anderson & McRoberts.

100 CIGARS Virginia Twist Tabacco at S. H. Matheny's.

BANNS & STROKES earnestly desire you to settle your account.

200,000 choice brand cigars at wholesale at S. H. Matheny's.

PREPARED BY ANDERSON & MCROBERTS, THE ONLY FISHERS RECENTLY KNOWN.

FIFTH STATIONERY, etc., can be bought at Bolton & Stagg's, cheaper than at any other place in town.

ANDERSON & MCROBERTS sell the only reliable remedy for Scratches, and also Crackers in the best style.

MATHENY & MARSCHALL have just received a large stock of Smith's Paints and Oerckert Goods, and are prepared to make them up in the best of styles.

FOR SOAPS AND DYEING AND DYEING made in the largest style, and out of the best material, will right up to Matheny & Marschall's Tailoring establishment, north side Main street.

MY FORM OF FORTY ACRES, well improved and suitably located for trade or business, at McKinney's Station, on the Cincinnati Southern R. R., is for Sale or to Rent. Call on H. Van Arsdale, Stanford, Ky.

THE PROFESSIONAL PRACTICE.—There is no medicine prescribed by physicians, or sold by Druggists, that carries such evidence of its success and superior virtue as BOE HEFF'S OIL OF RUMINANT. Syrup for seven Complaints. Collected on the Breast, Consumption, or any disease of the Throat and Lungs. A proof of this fact will satisfy any person afflicted with a complaint. Take it for 10 cents and try its salutary effect before buying the regular size at 75 cents. It has lately been introduced in this country from Germany, and its wonderful curative properties are astonishing every one that uses it. These doses will relieve any case. Try it. Sold by Bolton & Stagg's.

## HOME JOTTINGS.

A QUANTITY of Seed Oats for sale at the Post Office.

SURKINS and CLOVERS will find the best clovers and the best tobacco at Wearen & McAlister's.

CLOVER seed, timothy seed, blue-grass seed, orchard grass seed, and seed oats at Wearen & McAlister's.

M. W. T. GREEN, one of the best citizens in the Plat precinct, has been appointed a Justice of the Peace.

IS taking up the granary floor at Bruce's livery stable one last week, three men and four or five dogs, killed 75 rats.

Those indebted to me, will do me a great favor by settling their accounts at once.

Mrs. L. BRIDGES.

A VARIETY of young men of town, on returning from a visit to some young lady friends the other night, caught a "Possum in the limits of town."

CHARLEY YATES, of the Street brigade, boasts that he got \$2 a day and board, for working on the street. Others might be doing the town and themselves a similar good service.

DOESN'T buy a wagon until you have examined the celebrated Fish Brothers' wagon. It cannot be beat for durability and lightness of draft. Wearen & McAlister Agents.

THE negroes seem to have a special hankering after John Edmonson's goods and things of Crab Orchard. They made another raid on him the other night, and were successful.

THE many friends and acquaintances of Mrs. James Givens, will be rejoiced to hear that her health is much improved. Her final restoration to health, at an early day, is almost assured.

MRS. DAVIS, a relative of Mrs. George H. McKinney, and who has been quite ill at the residence of Jas. Paxton near town, died last Wednesday, and was buried in our Cemetery Thursday.

THE best New Orleans Sugar at 10 cents per lb.; also Philadelphia Refined Coffee & Sugar, at 12cts per lb., and other things, in proportion. S. H. Matheny's Grocery, on Depot Street.

THE Garrard Circuit Court will commence next Monday, and we presume a fear of Small Pox will prevent many people from attending. Persons from the indicated region of the county should be careful.

We hear that a peach tree at Mr. Noland's, near town, was in full bloom, or nearly so, a few days since. An examination of the buds of trees not in bloom, however, shows that the peaches are not yet killed.

THERE are five or six different negro settlements in, and near town, and the population of all combined amounts to nearly 100 of all ages and sexes. Many of them, if not a majority, eke out a precarious living, by hook or crook, principally hook.

MR. HERCOLD waives his customers and the people generally, to know that he will hereafter, reduce his prices on all kinds of work in his line. For a No. 1 sized Boot, he will only charge \$10, for a No. 1 Peg Boot, \$8. His prices on Shoes will be reduced in the same proportion.

JIM ED. BEECHABLE, under the management of Mr. Reynolds, still maintains its excellent reputation for elegant buggies, fast and gentle horses for the saddle and for harness, and the prices charged are never complained of by those who have occasion to patronize him.

DANVILLE, like other towns, has not yet got rid of burglars. We learn that another attempt was made there on Tuesday night last, to enter the store of Samuel & Warren, by boring several holes in the door of their store, three holes were bored into, but the burglars left without any booty.

We hardly know what to think of the weather for the first ten or twelve days of this month. The fact is, the weather which has blown hot and cold with the same breath. We have had a few days of miserably cold, freezing weather, then it rained, after becoming warm, and then again the wind blew cold from the Northwest.

THE second Quarterly Meeting of the M. E. Church, South, will be held at the Methodist Church, in Stanford, next Saturday and Sunday, 12th and 13th inst. Rev. D. W. Bellard, Presiding Elder.

MR. JOHN ENGLEMAN is responsible for the following: Henry Bruce lost his watch before the recent snow, which covered it up—keeping it hid for eight days. When the snow melted and Bruce found his watch, it was still running.

MR. YOUNKIN, the white man who was wounded dangerously by a negro man at Lancaster, last week, in a personal difficulty, died recently, and as the negro has been tried and acquitted, we presume there will be no further steps taken in the case.

MR. J. MATT PHILLIPS, of this county, lost five valuable horses last week, they having got into his wheat granary and eat much of the wheat, but it swelled their stomachs and death speedily followed. We have heard of such things before, and it would be well for farmers to be particular about their account.

200,000 choice brand cigars at wholesale at S. H. Matheny's.

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FOR SOAPS AND DYEING AND DYEING made in the largest style, and out of the best material, will right up to Matheny & Marschall's Tailoring establishment, north side Main street.

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FOR SOAPS AND DYEING AND DYE

**A Constant Reader.**

BY PARSONS AND HIS.

The second series of the "Madame Castle," so wonderful—so new!—so light! His wife would never be pleased if he debt, with the times so deplorably tight—  
With the touch of old leather now bound on the  
guitar.  
And a sprig stepped into the room,  
Who gazed with the "don't let me bother you" air  
Which the pose is apt to assume:

"It's nothing," The editor rose with a smile  
And his mother yielded his chair.  
Then the editor's oddly amiable life  
Was a life of trifles, and his dining room  
(a dining room) was to the point.  
And then as in his rather disengaged tone,  
"You do anything for us today?"

"No, I just called to see," the editor said,  
"I am a friend to the newspaper man."  
Here he had a real handkerchief over his head,  
And accepted the editor's smile.

"I've read all the pieces you write for your sheet,  
And they're straight to the point, I mean—  
That's why you give Keyser so certainly out—  
You are all ornate, sir, in your press."

"I'm glad you are pleased," said the writer, "indeed  
But you pride me too highly, I know."

Just as the editor was about to leave,  
And while reading it, off this paper,  
By the way, there's a notion held up or a treat—  
I've been keeping it nestled in my  
Dinner tray, sir, for an angel to eat—  
Now, perhaps, you will relish a slice?"

Then the stranger rolled up a half dozen or more  
Of the slender exchanges at all—  
Helped himself to the truth, threw the rind on the  
Or dung shown on the wall.

He snored his new friend that his pieces were wrote  
In a manner incommodious, able,  
As he wiped his red hands on the editor's coat.  
That hung on the back of the editor's chair.

"By the way, I've neglected to ask your name,"

Told the editor as the stranger arose,  
"That's a fact," he replied, "I'm Abigail Bone  
I'm living out here in Hillside creek  
Where I own a good home and lot;

The Goods go round to no waste every week—  
I'm the constant reader you're going."

"Abigail Bone," mused the editor, "Hillside,  
I'm living out here in Hillside creek  
Every morning, noon and night—  
Doesn't happen to be on my list?"

"Spine," was the answer, "I've passed it should—  
For you see I live lots with Bill Price—  
He's regular customer, and pays me well,  
And I carry your paper on him!"—[Editor.]

**Almost A Tragedy.**

BY JAMES ADAMS.

Mrs. Eva Forrester, was in a quandary. If she should go to Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard's, her husband would be left to his own diversions during her absence. Jealousy was one of Mrs. Forrester's besetting failings. If she should stay at home, and watch him, she would be giving up to him, for she had said that go she would, and he had declared that he would not go.

"Blanchard elicited me," her husband said, angrily. "He owes me today, ten or fifteen thousand dollars, which he would pay, if he had a spark of honor in him, though the law does not compel him. But no; he has speculated, risen up again, and has built a mansion. Now he is going to have a house-warming, and has the impudence to invite me. It isn't proper for you to go."

"It is never proper for me to go when I want to go," protested the wife. "It isn't my fault, if the laws do not protect you. I should think that you wonderful men who rule the world in such a grand way, without the help of women, would make some sort of law about paying debts. Everybody is going to this fete, many to whom Blanchard owed money as well as he did you, and it is to be the most splendid affair of the season. There will be boats on the pond, and tents on the lawn, with fruit, iced, and a dinner, a dance, and a supper. I must have, therefore, because, ten years ago, he failed, and in your debt! I shan't do it."

"And I shan't go," retorted the husband. "If you go, it must be alone." "Very well," said Mrs. Forrester, and, tossing her head, went out of the breakfast room, where this dialogue had taken place, and began to turn over her wardrobe, so as to make a selection for the fete.

James would come round when he knew that she was really going.

But James didn't come round, and here it was, the day before, and he would not go, and she would. She concluded that she must, for, aside from showing him that she meant to leave her way, it was impossible to think of not displaying that beautiful crimson silk dress on the very first chance.

To be sure, it was awful to go without her husband, and still more to go with that odious Mrs. Clarke, who would be her duenna; but go she would.

Mr. Forrester said not another word. He was as pleasant as usual, and he was generally a very pleasant man, when he had his own way.

When at noon luncheon his wife appeared, resplendent in a red silk dress, with low neck and jewels scarcely hidden by the little jacket she was to wear until evening, and with her hair superbly rolled and puffed, he only said, "My dear, you look remarkably well," and seemed to take for granted that the attire was assumed for his especial delectation.

She pouted, returned no answer, and made a great show of being in a hurry, and of listening to the sound of every carriage wheel that rolled along the street. But her husband would ask no questions.

She would have given something if Mrs. Clarke had driven up before James went out, but she did not. She went away without a word of good-bye, although she was to be gone all night—the cruel wretch!

Mrs. Clarke came the minute he was out of sight—some people never do come at the right moment—and Mrs. Forrester had hard work to be smiling and pleasant.

"Wasn't your husband sorry that you should go without him?" the horrid old woman asked.

"Oh, very sorry!" exclaimed Mrs. Forrester; "but he is so anxious that I should have all the pleasure I can. He, poor dear, is completely immersed in business. He hasn't failed, and paid a shilling in the dollar—he, ha—so he must work. However, we let hygones be hygones; and, indeed, Mrs. Blanchard is very civil. When I told her that, as you intended to return home directly after dinner, I should miss the dancing, she insisted on my staying all night."

"Are you going to do so?" Mrs. Clarke enquired, with a sly air of approval.

"I am, certainly" replied Mrs. Forrester, quite decidedly.

She was not going to tell people that she and James had quarrelled, not she. If she thought that he was a wretch, and told him so, she did not mean to enlighten others on that point.

They reached Blanchard Place in due time. It was a fine estate, a mile or two from the town in which Mr. and Mrs. Forrester had taken up a temporary summer residence, and on this glorious September day was as beautiful as a picture.

The turf was green velvet, but here and there a tree or vine was red, gold or purple with autumn, and lighted up the landscape like a torch. The pond was gay with boats, the lawn with gaily-dressed people, and all went merrily in a murring-bell.

The Blanches were very polite to Mrs. Forrester, and grieved that business had prevented her husband from accompanying her. They quite distinguished her, and complimented her as the handsomest lady there. Perhaps they remembered the fifteen thousand dollars; she certainly did not forget it.

When Mrs. Anne Task called her attention to the beauty of the conservatory, she sighed, and said,—

"Ah, yes; and my poor James' money built them. I really feel as if they were mine."

Mr. Clark, an old admirer of Mrs. Forrester, on whose arm she took a long promenade that afternoon, grommed as he looked at the charousing place, and said,—

"It is like a view of Paradise to Adam, after he was turned out. We poor bachelors look at the wives and the houses of other men, and sigh in vain."

Mrs. Forrester laughed, and said,—

"Why don't you fall? Then all your friends can contribute the house and the wife will come of herself. Such a place as this would be an inducement to any girl."

For a woman who was inclined to be jealous of her husband, Mrs. Forrester certainly carried on quite a game that afternoon with Mr. Charles Clarke. He was very attentive and gallant, and she was very complaisant, and evinced no indisposition to a little flirting.

Mrs. Forrester passed swiftly thru the hall, went into a side passage, and down to the street at the back of the hotel. An apothecary's shop was at the corner. She was known there, and had no difficulty in procuring what she wanted. After a minute she went back to the hotel with a bottle in her hand.

A light shone under the door of her room. Her husband was at home. Mrs. Forrester stopped for a minute to take breath, then she softly tried the lock. Of course it was fastened, she thought. But, oh, it yielded to her touch, and she entered without a sound.

The entry and dressing-room lights were very dim, but from the open door of the sleeping room, came a flood of light. She crossed the room, and stood on the threshold. Horror of horrors! A woman lay on her bed, asleep, with her face turned away; a white hand dropped over the side of the bed, and a flood of fair hair streaming over the pillow.

With her hand resting on the table, Eve bent forward to see the fate of her rival. It was a sweet and lovely face, scarcely the one that might be looked for in a woman who would be found in such a situation.

"Wretched!" she muttered to herself, taking a step nearer the bed; but, at the same time, she heard her husband coming.

"Oh, yes, it is quite decided!" said Mrs. Forrester, shortly.

"Flirting thing!" muttered Mrs. Clarke, turning away. "I shouldn't wonder if she came on purpose to see Mr. Clark."

Another woman? In sheer surprise, Mrs. Forrester turned her head, and saw Mrs. Marcia, the lady who occupied the suite of rooms next her own. The lady stood looking at her in astonishment. Their acquaintance was too slight to warrant such a visit on either side.

"Why, how in the world happened you to come into my rooms?" cried Mrs. Marcia, too much surprised to be very polite.

"Your rooms?"

Eva looked about her. Sure enough, she was in the wrong room.

After explanations and apologies, Mrs. Forrester gathered up her wrap, which had dropped on the floor as she entered the room, and proceeded at once to her own apartment. But it was not with a light heart. She might, perhaps, find something as bad as this.

"Here's a note for her," said the boy, and after having given it, vanished.

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"She would have given something if Mrs. Clarke had driven up before James went out, but she did not. She went away without a word of good-bye, although she was to be gone all night—the cruel wretch!

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rester, and given her the note, hoping that it contained bad news, and had eagerly watched her tear it open, the expression of her face when she read it added to the charm of the situation.

Mrs. Forrester turned first red, and then white. Then she declared that she must go home immediately.

"Is Mr. Forrester ill?" inquired her comforter.

"No, very well," replied Eva, as calmly as she could. "He can't do without me, if he has a sore finger or a toothache."

Charles Clark scowled. To be sure, Eva's flirtation with him had consisted in the most outrageous praise of her husband and description of the happiness of their lives; and then he wanted to drive her to town, and make her husband a little jealous, if possible.

He had to resign himself, however, and lead her to Mrs. Clarke's carriage, and see her drive away into the starry night.

The contents of the note to Eva were these few lines:—

"If Mrs. Forrester knew with whom her husband spends his time while she is gone, she would not stay away long, certainly not overnight."

There was no name signed. Of course that note would have taken Eva Forrester home over red-hot ploughshares.

Mrs. Clarke found her a very dull companion, and could get no satisfaction from her concerning her husband's sudden illness.

"Leave me at the side door," said Eva, when they drew near the hotel where Mr. and Mrs. Forrester were staying.

"Why, my dear, your rooms are on the other side," said Mrs. Clarke.

"But I will stop here," said the young woman, decidedly.

If Mr. Forrester was at home, he should not hear a carriage drive up, and look out and see that it was she.

It was ten o'clock, for the drive had taken them some time. The young wife's heart burned with a fierce, deadly jealousy as she glided noiselessly through the long, light entries. She did not know who to be jealous of, for her husband had, after all, done nothing to point out her jealousy. Her vexations had been vague, and as nothing, but now a terrible reality stood before her. She had realized, thinking the matter over on the way home, that, in truth, she had been the happiest of women until that night, and that, though she had pretended to be jealous, it was all a pretence.

Never until now had she known that agonized contraction of the heart which comes when proof of misery is at hand. Her head was in a whirl, though she was outwardly cool. She was now fit for most anything. What she would do to her husband she had yet to determine; but as far as the woman who dared to lure him away from her, she should do.

Mrs. Forrester passed swiftly thru the hall, went into a side passage, and down to the street at the back of the hotel. An apothecary's shop was at the corner. She was known there, and had no difficulty in procuring what she wanted.

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They were quite reconciled at length and happier than ever.

"But I did flirt awfully with Chas. Clark," she said, penitently.

"So I saw," answered her husband, truly.

"You saw?" she said, with a glad laugh. "Oh, sir, I have caught you. You didn't mean me to know, and you really cared enough for me to follow me, you darling James."

"Well, to tell the truth, I haven't been home many minutes," he had to own.

"Boy! Just let me get hold of you once!"

"I won't!" bluntly replied the boy.

"You can never enter this house again!" called the old man.

"I don't want to. I'll take the money I found on the street yesterday and go aboard at the Russell House."

"Come here, Johnny," said the tailor, a tender smile crossing his face.

"What you want?"

"I was in the wrong, Johnny. I know you didn't mean to kick your brother. Your foot slipped and you couldn't help it. Come in to breakfast, Johnny."

"And you won't teach me?"

"No, my son; all is forgiven."

Johnny slowly entered the house, doubtless wondering how he could escape a licking when it was ascertained that he hadn't found any money. [Detroit Free Press.]

It is wonderful how often it is necessary for a young man with a new silk handkerchief to blow his nose in order to make it worth a cent.

An old Hatchet undertook to wallop his son, but Jake turned upon him and walloped him. The old man consigned himself to his defeat by retreating into his son's chamber. He said, "Well, Jake is a son fellow, he can tip his own taffy."

**MEMORIAL.**

The long circle—Walking around with the family all night.

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